# THE MOTHER OF VOICES

VOL. I ISSUE 4
JAN. 1-25

25¢

TEISH '67

# EDITORIAL

In our second issue a chick wrote in telling us not to be paranoid, to write about beauty and love, to see love and feel love. People have been telling us we're too political; we write about the draft, the war, Johnson, not about the soul and the heart. Even some of our staff members tell us we're a political machine.

Look around. Open your eyes. We're here in the Pioneer Valley, in nature, we have trees and grass and sunsets and mountains and ponds and waterfalls. But we also have Wallace Puchalski, Officer Cop and Mr. Faulkner, and god-fearing fools who write letters to the Hampshire Gazette, not to us.

We have black eyes from trying to show you peace. Paradox. In the city they tell you oi truth and life, but here in the valley we tell you of politics, here in the beautiful hills.

But were going to continue throwing up politics in your face, the dirty, cruel and deceiving politics of a puppet regime in a small town, a self-soul-destroying system in the city. And we're going to tell you about love and beauty and nature and life anyway, because these things are all there, not between the lines.

The end of our politics is to give you beauty and love. We can't do that until we destroy the politic that is rotting you, helping you subsist as cowards, justifying your turning your heads and blindly attacking Honesty. We're going to start here and expose every sham and shoddy practice, every piece of garbage that is fed to you which you so willingly gobble up, until you too vomit this crap out of your entire system.

We'll begin in Northampton, we'll unite with Boston and New York, and the underground will become the overground--there will be no distinctions at all when we're through. We'll be what we were meant to be--all one.

You may call us naive, you may call us obscene, you may try to ignore us, but we will yell so loudly and so often, with factand truth--and a hell of a lot of love--that you'll never find it necessary to lie to anyone about the real nature of things.

And this real nature of things is something we all know, but you are afraid to admit it. That is, you won't let your self utter truths which your social-rational-ego denies. You're afraid to do the only thing you were created for--to be honest with yourself and your brothers. You're so afraid of honesty and the truth you all know about, that you'll do anything, you'll sell your soul so you don't have to acknowledge lies and deceit.

Why are you so afraid? Perhaps because you feel the ra real way, the way to truth, is too much for you? But you know that all your life you have been fed these lies, that the way is not too much. All those goddam vested interests are telling you that you can't make it--and you know you can. But you capitulate and go to a shrink to reconcile your guilt.

You all have the power and the glory. The eunuchs tell you to stay in your tiny worlds, buy your beer by the case and forget it. But you know they are wrong, that we--you--are right. That you can achieve a fantastic amount of peace and harmony and love in your own short first life. And again you let those bastards win. This time you pray to their gods because they make you feel your gods are impotent.

Wake up! Your gods are omnipotent, you are omnipotent,

continued on page 11

*The Mother of Voices is* NOT *now, and* NEVER *has been, a University of Massachusetts publication,* NOR *is it in* ANY *way financed, assisted, or sponsored by the University. The fact that we have been referred to in this manner is a poignant commentary on the state of American journalism and the patently demagogic opportunism of some Bay State* POLITICIANS.

THE Mother OF VOICES

P.O. Box 305 - 110 Prospect St. 584-1626 - Northampton - (SPSLD): 732-2659 MEMBERS: Underground Press Syndicate & Liberation News Service.

bart kaplan, bill saltman, steve krinsky, jane roland, ptirim murphy, augie cohen, alan davis, mike campbell, june abdelmaseh, john canney, dick carr, eric kramer, betty coughlin, doug bradway, uncle wally, fredric dicker, david abraham, ed matys, peter goodman, missy scott, bruce fletcher, wendell cook, jane campana, melissa chait, janet clark, thad dabrowski, richard danca, rek arkcum, lisa degrouchy, neil parent, susan pratt, mimi keith, natalie kaplan, alan lande, marty waite, fred & gail harris, shirley and jon roses, scots

Jim Gramhan 1969 ©

# LETTERS...

Dear Mommy,

I decided to send you one of my poems. I hope that you like it; I tried.

Love,
Suzzie

P.S. Daddy never had it so good. Keep it up Mums!

FLOWER POWER

Little Jack Rabbit, hopping on dawn,
Walked on water,
And at night ate the stars.
But when the days' dissolving light did appear,
Poor Jack Rabbit was too near
AND THE SUN GROUND HIM TO PETALS!

Suzanne Chretien

---

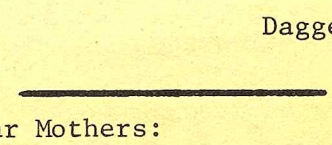
You people really exist. Revelation. Beautiful. So far, I have met four of your staff and they struck me as real people. Intelligent people who do have a reason. Long Live.

Franklin County in itself is what you might call wayward. We do know what is happening, although we are suffering by being leaderless. Drug condition is really not very good, ("Paranoia strikes deep") and the grade of grass is bad, very bad. Gold is gone. (did it ever exist?) Speed is here, if you really want to wreck yourself. I really don't care.

Bart struck me as a sincere intellectual. At the 'Folk Society' we found him argueing with a Fed. The Fed became flustered and left. He will be back. Those kind are. Thank you Bart.

The next day, I heard him on WHAI. His cause was good; tell us how we can support it. I will be at the next and all future Folk Society. Complete absency of plasticity, you people. We need you.

Jason



Dear Mother,

A confession. We the writers of four-letter word filled phrases which Mother has not the heart to not print, forgive us for we have sinned. Great is our shame for setting our pens to the task of expressing our own (and they are not the concern of others) detestable inner miseries; and great is our sorrow for covering our vulgar creations with a veneer of philosophy and inane idealism and sendirg them forth as literature deserving to be printed.

May Minerva grant us wisdom, of which we pray we may become worthy by writing our worthless words. Let us learn that we cannot rise from the filth in which we flounder by digging deeper into the mire.

Dagger

---

Dear Mothers:

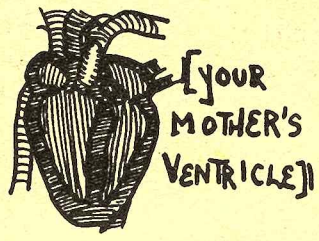
Enclosed is a check for $5.00 to cover the cost of subscription for one year and the cost of regular surface mailing to this address:

Paul Kaplan
Gornje Prekrizje 75
Zagreb, Yugoslavia

I have the first issue, so please begin with the second one.

Sincerely,
Paul Kaplan

# & NOTICES




*Issue #3 of Mother will still be available at the Student Union, UMass. Until our court cases are won (we have faith) the issue will not be sold in stores--unless some stalwarts want to risk hassle.*

*Police Blotter is again in this issue. Don't look for the title --pick almost any article at random.*

*Again we apologize for slow mail delivery of subscriptions but this time S. Claus dropped a load in the Post Office too. We cannot get 2nd Class privileges yet. To rectify this situation, buy another subscription.*

*We want to know who you are; please sign your names when writing or submitting articles to us. Of course, we will print your Christian names only if you so desire, in letters. We hope you want your name on articles.*

*We have promised the continuation of the series on Communities, and you know we always keep our promises.*

*Mother will be planning forthcoming issues at least two weeks in advance. Future issues will feature business abuses, water pollution, the peace movement, American fascism, local sweatshops, overpricing, hiring discrimination, economic monopolies, artists of Connecticut valley. Writers and informers: call or write for specific assignment.*

# in the valley

Events of the last week leave little doubt that the hooplah over obscenity raised here is more than a mere defense of some particular moral code. Rather, they indicate the real nature of the political forces directing local government and their desperation which has driven them to hypocracy to defend a way of life.

In Northampton last week it was Mayor Wallace J. Puchalski's City Council meeting that pointed the finger toward this truth.

The evening began when a copy of Avatar was presented to the mayor. It was an obvious affront to enforced morality. Didn't that newspaper also require banning? The mayor reacted, "Don't tell me how to run this city. I am doing all I can to stop these things. You can take that so called newspaper out of here and get out with it. I've had just about enough of this"

These quotes were taken from the Springfield Union which also reported that Puchalski was "livid with rage". Other reports assert that Puchalski's reaction was stronger. One witness alleges that Puchalski was in fact obscene. Although no direct quotes were obtained it was reported that the infamous four letter word was used frequently.

Puchalski frequently referred to Northampton as "my town" and entered into a tirade about contemporary education which is encouraging freedom of expression.

A backer of the mayor on the council agreed. "Education is the ruination of the country and John F. Kennedy is to blame." The thinking here is that Kennedy fostered the atmosphere that encourages dissent in underground publications.

Democratic Ward 4 City Councilor Edward P. McColgan disagreed with these remarks and began defending Kennedy. He is a history teacher at Westfield State. Another councilor, David B. Musante, Democrat from Ward 6 and a computer consultant at UMass, also disagreed with the Mayor. McColgan at one point challenged Puchalski, asking him if Avatar was any worse than most of the rags sold in his store, Wally's, located under the railroad bridge on Rte. 9. The store sells a number of the national papers that deal solely with what is considered by most of society as sexual perversions.

Puchalski: "I've had about enough of you and your ideas," the Mayor said continuing his diatribe against education, colleges and newspapers. Again, the conversation was allegedly obscene. The meeting went on in this vein.

In Greenfield the hypocrisy was a little clearer. Greenfield Town Selectman Thomas W. Merrigan was presented with a copy of the paper, Insider, a national publication which deals with sexual perversion, runs pictures of persons in various stages of undress and sexual relations and last week, was running a topless contest with a picture of the first entry.

The publication is sold on racks on the street in Greenfield. Merrigan seemed surprised and on Wednesday said he would talk to the Chief of Police about it. Friday at 5 p.m. nothing had been done.

Merrigan said he was concerned about the Insider and whether or not it should be censored. He expressed some concern over the problem of mass censorship, thought that perhaps it would be all right sold behind the counter but his position was vague and it was evident that Merrigan was unsure of his stand.

The problem is that the position of local officials is a tremendous logical construct built on a foundation of sheer emotion. The emotion is that change, criticism, dissent and most of all truth, truth about the corruption in government, truth about police brutality, truth about the sociology of a hippie movement is dangerous. Dangerous because it disrupts the old way of life and threatens the security of those within the establishment.

The implications from last week's events are clear. Obscenity is a front for the reactionaries. The hypocrisy that allows publications which pervert sex and bans those that present it hangs thick like the fog along the river. The arrests are meant only to hinder free expression and dissent.

In essence, local officials are afraid to allow what John Milton termed the self-righting process. They are afraid to allow an open market for ideas because, as Milton said, "who ever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter". (On Friday, December 29, 10:00 p.m., Puchalski was called to confirm the contents of the story. He said that the initial quotations were correct. When asked whether the reported four letter words were used, Mayor Puchalski said, "That's for you to find out.")

—J.F.

# down town

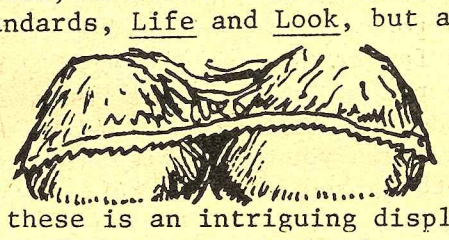
When the Mother of Voices requested a review of the controversial novel by Pauline Reage, The Story of O, I was pleased. Having read and enjoyed the book this past summer I felt capable of writing an informative and enjoyable article. The trouble was, however, that my copy was lost and I was unable to purchase another one in any of the book stores I visited. All was not lost, though, for upon returning from a visit with a friend in Northampton I fortunately found a copy in one of the town's news stores.

I had stopped at Wally's Spa wishing to purchase a copy of the Hampshire Gazette. While perusing the many paperback books that are on display I happened to look at an American flag placed at the end of the book display. To my surprise I saw a copy of The Story of O resting just to the left of the flag. Other classics were laying beside this book and I am pleased to report that Wally's Spa has one of the best selections of "controversial" literature in the Pioneer Valley.

Although this is supposed to be an analysis of one particular book I have insisted that the editors of this paper allow me to tell of my Northampton discovery. As everyone knows there has been a great deal of controversy over "obscene" literature and "pornographic" publications in this area. I, for one, sympathize with those concerned citizens who seek to protect unwary men and women from falling prey to the many exploitative concerns who deal in nude pictures and salacious books. They are not, and should not be, given access to the many fine and respectable bookstores in our nation. They should not, however, be totally prohibited for our Constitttion guarantees freedom of the press (see Bill of Rights, Amendment I). Their sale should be controlled and limited to only one or two per community.

Although such a law is not yet in effect, it has defacto existence in Northampton. To the mature, sophisticated reader interested in material deemed unacceptable by standard mores, Wally's Spa offers a fascinating array of such material. Such masterpieces of erotica as William Burrough's Naked Lunch and Frank Harris' My Life and Loves are available. Henry Miller's Tropic of Cancer and Tropic of Capricorn can be purchased with no questions asked! Please excuse my enthusiasm for I must be boring my kind readers. But these books that I have mentioned are filled with the most "obscene" language, i.e., four-letter words, that to find them so near is to find a shining beacon of liberty in an oppresive country. Let me mention just a few of the other books available at Wally's Spa: they are The Love Pack, Take Me, What Price Incest, Taboo, Chafed Elbows, and Sex Turned On, "A novel of the new sex-pot generation out for easy money and fast kicks."

Wally's also sells magazines. Of course, he has the usual middle class standards, Life and Look, but added



to these is an intriguing display of some of the most provocative publications in america. For those readers who have gone beyond the need for sensitive emotion and gentle communi ion, Wally's provides a magazine called True Men Stories. For only thirty-five cents one can read such articles as "18 Pain-Loving Nudes Held Me A Prisoner on the Isle of the Damned," or if one is interested in the sexual side of life such articles as "The City Where Over-Sexed Women are Always on the Prowl" or "Naked Girl Bait of the House of Terror," are available. Another publication called Men Today is equally enlightening. For those interested in the plight of youth today there is an article entitled "Prep School Lust-The Latest Sex Stunts of the Pampered Punks," or if anyone is concerned with history there is an article about "The Harlot Queen Who Made Bourbon Street Bubble." Equally intriguing are articles such as "Soft Flesh for the Nazi Monster's Pit in Hell" and "To Hell with Inhibitions-

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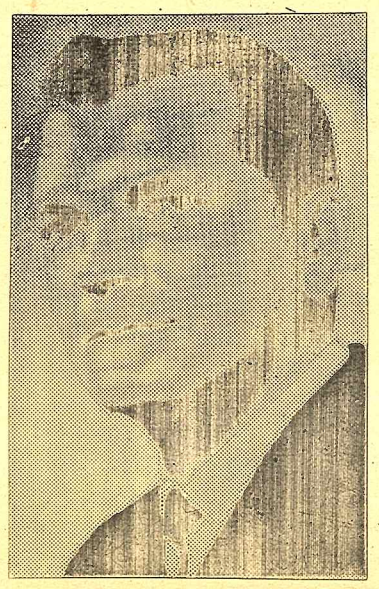


Raw Love-Making Techniques

Are Good Girls Bad In Bed?

HON. WALLACE J. PUCHALSKI
PROPRIETOR OF WALLY'S SPA

# SOMETHING IS HAPPENING....

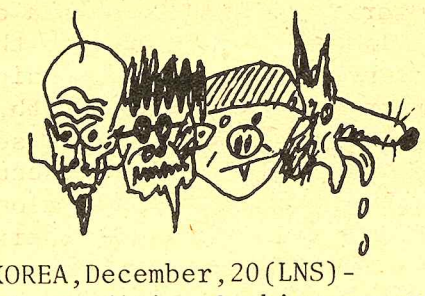
THE WORLD SCENE

ATHENS, GREECE(LNS)- The United States Government is blamed in large part for the Greek military dictatorship, according to the Patriotic Front of Greece, a resistance organization which includes several of the major Greek political parties(now acting illegally).

The Front, in resolutions passed by its National Council, strongly condemned "the role of the CIA and the Pentagon in the imposition of the dictatorship." The three colonels who head the junta were attacked as "paid agents of the American CIA." The Front pointed out that the "Prometheus" defense plan, which was used in the military coup, was drawn up "under the aegis of NATO with the participation of responsible American officials."

Meanwhile, the military regime has made a multi-billion dollar agreement with Litton Industries of California for the "development" of Crete and other areas. Litton made virtually the same bid several times before the military coup, and each time it was rejected by the nation's parliament. The colonels accepted the offer of this American firm to reorganize the economic structure of a vast part of Greece before they had been in control of Greece six months!

SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO(LNS)-A warrant for the arrest of Lyndon Johnson, Robert Strange McNamara, Dean Rusk and William Westmoreland, and other government leaders was issued here recently. The criminals' arrest was ordered by a group of 246 Puerto Ricans and Americans resident in the colony. The warrant charges the government was committing war crimes in Vietnam.



SEOUL, KOREA, December, 20(LNS)- Dressed in traditional white mourning clothes, 70 Korean prostitutes invaded an American Army compound recently to demand compensation for the murder of another prostitute and her unborn child.

The women, forming a funeral cortege, invaded the seventh division headquarters 30 miles north of the South Korean capital, and demanded to talk with officials of the division, according to a report filed by the AP. When guards blocked access to the building, the women sat down until an officer finally came and talked with them. There was no indication that any compensation will be paid for the death of Kim Chun Ja, 21, who was strangled Sunday. Pfc. Eugene D. Taylor, of Hawkinsville, Ga,. was held by the army for investigation after being arrested in Miss Ja's room.

VIETNAM

WASHINGTON, D.C.(LNS)-The Pentagon has come up with a grotesque new weapon, artillery shotgun shells that spray thousands of dart-shaped steel shafts over broad areas of jungle or open territory.

"I've seen reports of enemy soldiers actually being nailed to trees by these things," one officer was quoted as saying in a dispatch by the AP. The artillery shells are in use in Vietnam where they were first sent on an experimental test basis but are expected to become standard ammunition.

SAIGON, DECEMBER 28- The New York Times reported that Marines in Vietnam are using a new type of barbed wire. The wire has thousands of razor-like barbs and is referred to by the troops as "German steel tape." Since the wire cannot be cut with ordinary cutters it is expected to be of little value to the many dairy farmers of New England.

Washington, December 28- The New York Times reports that General David M. Shoup, retired Marine Corps Commandant, feels that it is "pure unadulterated poppycock" to argue that American presence is necessary in Vietnam to prevent a Communist invasion of this country.

WASHINGTON, D.C.(LNS)-The Washington Post in its December 10 edition stuck a news item on page 5 of its White House Wedding section that should have been in bold headlines on page one. It concerned the disclosure by a former Navy officer that no torpedoes were fired by North Vietnamese boats at American destroyers in the Gulf of Tonkin during the now-famous incident of August, 1964.

Reports by the U.S Government that torpedoes had been fired by the North Vietnames were the chief inspiration for the Tonkin resolution in Congress and the rationale for American escalation of the war. The Tonkin resolution is still the only declaration even approaching official Congressional approval of the war and has been thrown back into the faces of Congressional critics time and again by the President.

LONDON, December, 22(LNS)- Three Americans studying in England have been declared delinquent and reclassified to I-A draft status.

The three turned in their draft cards to the American Embassy here on October 16 in solidarity with The Resistance in the U.S. Four others followed their example on December 4. "The Embassy obviously forwarded the cards," said Elliot Isenberg one of the resistants and a graduate of Amherst College, 1966.

AMERICA

WASHINGTON, D.C.(LNS)-Collaboration between municipal police and military officials, once a rarity in American law enforcement, is now commonplace. The latest step in tightening this collaboration is a Department of Defense plan to help local police forces recruit men from the armed services. According to the plan, men who sign up as city policemen will be discharged from their military obligations 90 days earlier than scheduled. The plan affirms a general affinity between the police and the military- both refer to outsiders as "civilians.

CUNNINGHAM BOOKS
ONE OF THE BEST "QUALITY PAPERBACK" SELECTIONS IN THE AREA.
COR. MAIN & WORTHINGTON
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

THE OTHER AMERICA

ROCHESTER, N.Y. DECEMBER, 21(LNS)-The near-total student strike at the University of Rochester appears to be over, although activists admit only to a temporary suspension until January 12.

The strike began on Dec. 14 in response to the suspensions of 23 graduate students by a UR provost who overrode the objections of faculty, graduate and undergraduate councils. For its duration, it kept 1,000 students on the picket line, cut class attendance to one-third, and effectively cancelled classes at the college of Arts and Sciences.

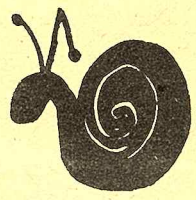
The controversy began Nov.8, when Thomas Kabele, a Rochester grad student, was "obstructed" in his attempt to discuss employment with the Dow Chemical Company by a group of sit-ins which included 90 undergraduates, 23 graduate students, and three faculty. It has been argued that Kabele was not actually obstructed in his efforts to have an interview but merely inconvenienced by the necessity of stepping on many teachers and students. In fact Kabele appeared eager to step on anyone in his way but was restrained during his dance (as at least one photograph shows) by Dean Joseph Cole of the Administration.

Following the incident, the CIA switched its recruiting to a federal facility.

EDUCATION

SASKATOON, SASK.-The Canadian Press reports that Dr. Jules Henry, a professor at Washington University, said at a symposium on local control of educational systems that these systems trained children to be stupid.

Dr. Henry said that "in our culture, nobody can be taught to think, for example, where private enterprise, war, or the gross national product might be threatened." Dr. Henry criticized United States textbooks, the teaching of English and history, the role of big business in education and the failure to teach children to read.



THE LATEST ON DOPE

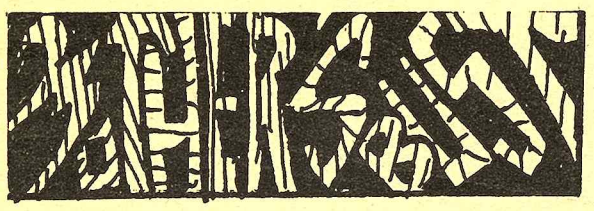
WASHINGTON, D.C. DECEMBER(22LNS) A landmark case to contest whether marijuana is a narcotic and subsequently subject to federal narcotics restrictions opens here next week. The U.S. Court of Appeals will hear Atty. Ira Lowe's objections to the current laws against use of marijuana. A decision is expected within three weeks to a month.

FRIENDS

EAST VILLAGE OTHER, December, 26. Walter Bowart of EVO and Manna Pardeatan, both recent visitors to the University of Massachusetts, are digging the clear, warm air of Arizona in a trip that could be of great importance They envision the formation of the Underground States of America and see Chochis County as one likely place to be taken over by the underground.,

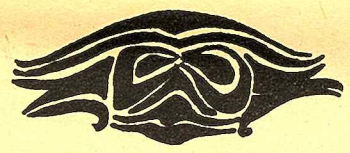
NEW YORK- Our friend Richard Goldstein, the New York Times' Pop record reviewer, reports that the Beatle's TV special, Magical Mystery Tour, will be broadcast in America in mid-March....

The word is still out that the Beatles and The Rolling Stones will produce a joint album in the future. As a preview, listen to the Stones' recent single, "We Love You," wherein those sneaky Beatles sang along.



One day, a week before Christmas, John Norton entered my office and stated he'd like to sell the Mother Of Voices. I agreed, we discussed where he couldn't sell, he took 150 issues and went off into the balloon, Perhaps a day later, he reappeared accompanied by certain University of Massachusetts officials who had apprehended John hawking his pamphlets in the shadow of the library. It was not considered legal for John to do so, however necessary the rebirth of the Elizabethan tradition of pamphleting in our times. I was not present when John returned with the protocol men. They left. When I returned, I discovered an imperative message on my desk. I was to call an administrative Dean to clarify the position of the asocial University in respect to juvenile attempts at selling juvenile realizations of reform on property cordoned and under the adjudication of the Board of Trustees. The Dean and I gentlemanly sallied, rallied, retained our integrity, and agreed that the papers must not be sold on University property (except in the Student Union) unless on access roads legally the responsibility of the Town of Amherst.

The next news of John Norton came over the telephone on December 20th at 7:00 pm. I picked up the ringing phone; a voice said, "Hello, Bart? This is Jody Norton. Look, I've been busted, arrested in Northampton." I asked him to repeat himself, which he did, and then I understood.



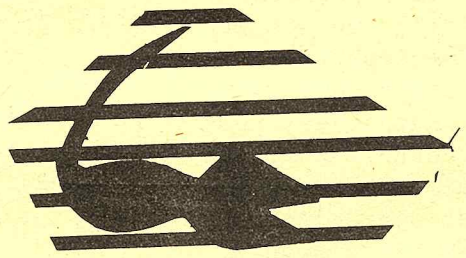
He continued: About 2:00 in the afternoon, after selling papers in 'Hamp for two hours, John was arrested by Officer John Keefe on two counts: possession of obscene materials; and selling obscene materials to persons under 18. The statutes cited can be found in chapter 272, articles 28 and 28a of Massachusetts Criminal Law. The latter is an ingenious compilation of distinctions developed by English and American metaphysicians who were out to establish an Utopia, but who unfortunately created merely another system of legislative guarantees protecting property.

The minor is a sweet little girl from Easthampton with an uncontrollable prediliction for tittering every time her eyes meet the eyes of her brylcreemed boyfriend: they are apparently experiencing first love. The young girl innocently approached John, he muttered something in salesman jargonese, like "Buy the best piece of journalism since Walt Whitman stopped writing temperance novels." She bought, and a cop immediately approached the 16-year old child.

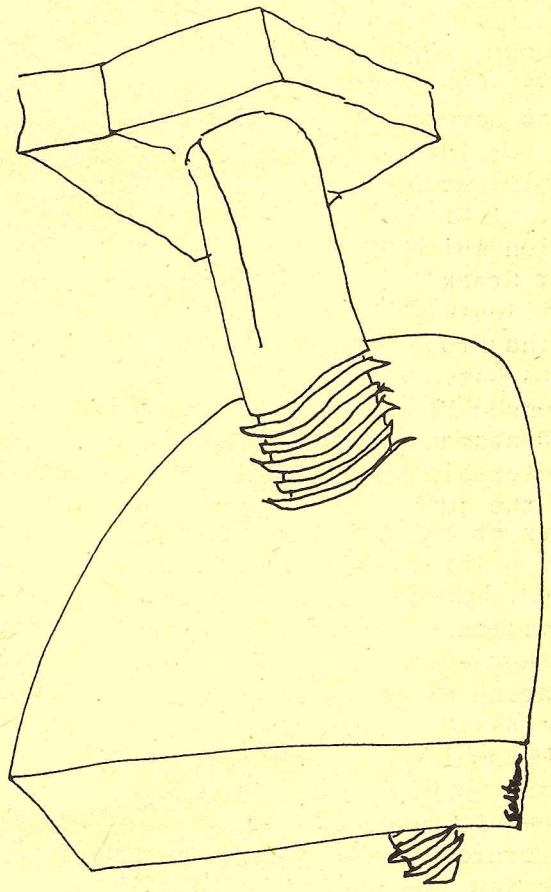
What then occurred in order for a complaint to be signed by the girl's parents is unknown. Earlier, the cops bought Issue 2 and 3 from John. I would think it very possible that they then waited for a minor to buy a copy, took her to the Police Station, called her parents, and advised them to swear out a complaint against John. Any god-fearing human adjusted to the conceptual warp of contemporary abnormality would perceive such an act as a stroke for righteousness. They must have told the cops they would later come into the hoosegow to sign personally the complaint. Officer Keefe mounted his palamino, stroked his lance, unsheathed his scabbard, and, with moral effervescence luminating his blue uniform, wreaked Puchalski's and all small minds' wrath upon John the Evil One-Corrupter Norton.

The next morning at 9:45, Judge Richard Ryan's benign face was deposited atop his body in the prelates chair within the District Court in the basement of the Northampton Court House. Clerk of Court Kulikowski, in clipped alto voice, droned off charge after charge. Defendents stood contritiously. Cards traveled between Kulikowski and Ryan who was then forced to unfix his eyes from the pastoral regala of cits upon the sidewalk. He spent much time seemingly daydreaming, but the subtle patriarch was only maintaining his necessary regal distance--his objectivity--from the debauched citizenry before him.

Finally, John Norton was ordered to stand before the judge. The procedings constitited an Arraignment--in legal parlance. Kukla read the charges. Mr. Ryan stared sedately through his wire-rimmed glasses at John. John stared sedately through his wire-rimmed glasses at Ollie. Just then, Fran, a reporter for a large Metropolitan newspaper, fell out of her chair, having traded ogles with a gallant state trooper long enough to make her assume a prostrate position. But Judge Ryan was not unnerved. Unwaveringly, he set the date of Jody's Probable Cause Hearing for the 28th of December. Bail had been set the night before by the Assistant Clerk of Courts at $2000, $1000 per charge. Atty. David Burres , Defense Counsel, was considered dispensable by the prosecutor--here the Judge. Mr Burres suggested that the bail was high. He continued, referring to John Norton's father's position in the community and that it might be safe for society to release John on personal recognizance. But former Mayor Ryan was adamant. The bail stood. In Cambridge, the Avatar people, arrested on similar charges, were released on personal recognizance. Northampton justice is extraordinary.



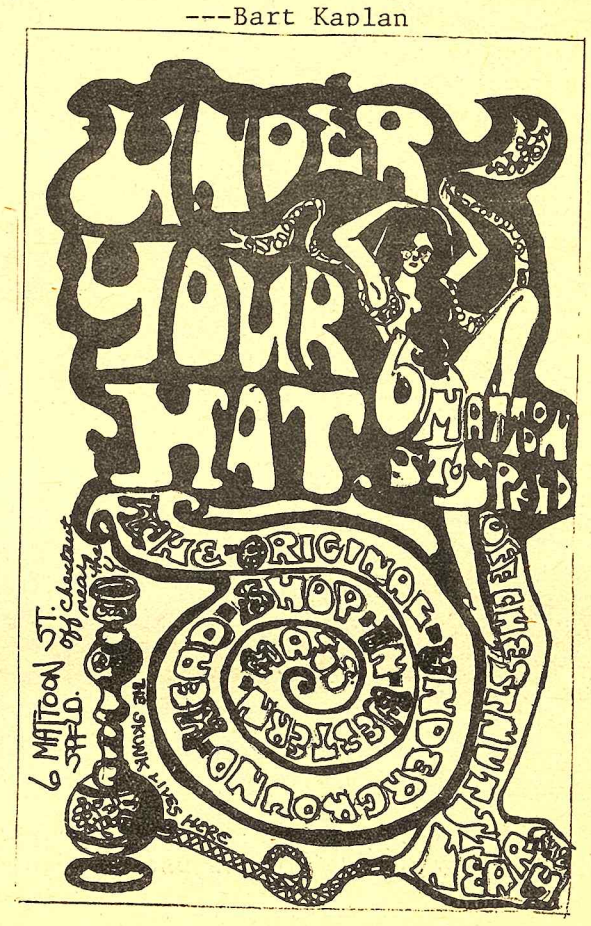
On the 28th, the Probable Cause Hearing proceded under the aegis of Justice O'Connor. The small chipper guy had bantered and had fatherly remonstrated the various criminals who preceded John. One defendent, a man in his fifties, had been arrested for drunkenness. Drunkenness is not a crime any more, except in the mort intelligent and progressive court systems. The Presidential Committee on Crime, in its findings, emphasized and and re-emphasized that alcoholism is a disease, should be treated as a disease, it is stupid not to treat it as a disease. The defendent was physiologically an alcoholic. Yet, the enlightened nearsighted potentate set bail at $600. If not paid, the old man was to stay in Hampshire County Jail, High Sheriff Boyle's medieval pigpen.



Mr Burres called Officer O'Keefe to the stand and had him examine the issues, page by page. He cited two passages: Issue 2, bottom of page 4; Issue 3, left-hand column of page 2, which excerpts passages from Lady Chatterly's Lover. Open and shut case. One of Father O'Connor's off-the-cuff remarks after perusing the rags was, "It is frivolous to be serious about Viet Nam."

Mr Burres was able to gain one concession from the pedophile haters. John Norton's bail was reduced to $500 per charge. Otherwise, the Judge peremptorily refused to make a decision . John was bound over to the Grand Jury, Superior Court, which will hear his case February 5th. Assistant DA Raymond R. Cross seemed elated by his conduct as prosecutor. The gang of police officers along the left side of the court had their simian concept of order resupported. Snow was falling, which added nothing to the proceedings. The people's court tumbled out into the conduits of milltown. And the Mother is de facto banned as obscene. The angels in the Christmas creche on the Common grew horns.

---Bart Kaplan



# STUDENTS are NIGGERS

Students are niggers. When you get that straight, school begins to make sense. It's more important, though, to understand why they're niggers. If we follow that question seriously, it will lead us past the zone of academic rhetoric, where "dedicated" teachers pass their knowledge on to a new generation, and into the nitty-gritty of human needs and hang-ups. And from there we can go on to consider whether it might ever be possible for students to come up from slavery.

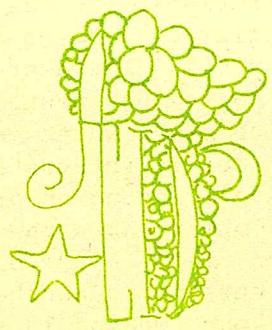
First, let's look at the role students play in what we like to call education.

At Cal State L.A. where I teach, the students have separate and unequal dining facilities. If I take students into the faculty dining room, my colleagues get uncomfortable, as though there were a bad smell. If I eat in the student cafeteria, I become known as the educational equivalent of a nigger lover. In at least one building there are even rest rooms which students may not use. At Cal State, also, there is an unwritten law barring student-faculty lovemaking. Fortunately, this anti-miscegenation law, like its Southern counterpart, is not 100 percent effective.

Students at Cal State are politically disenfranchised. They are in an academic Lowndes County. Most of them can vote in national elections--their average age is 26--but they have no voice in the decisions which affect their academic lives. The students are, it is true, allowed a toy government of their own. It is a government run by Uncle Toms and concerned principally with trivia. The faculty and administrators decide which courses will be offered; the students get to choose their own Homecoming Queen. Occasionally, when student leaders get uppity and rebellious, they're either ignored, put off with trivial concessions or maneuvered expertly out of position.

. . .One day last week a teacher began by informing his class that he did not like beards, mustaches, long hair on boys, or capri pants on girls, and would not tolerate any of that in his class. The class, incidentally, consisted mostly of high school teachers.

Even more discouraging than this Auschwitz approach to education is the fact that the students take it. They haven't gone through 12 years of public school for nothing. They've learned one thing and perhaps only one thing during those 12 years. They've forgotten their Algebra. They're hopelessly vague about chemistry and physics. They've grown to fear and resent literature. They write like they've been lobotomized. But, they can follow orders! Freshman come up to me with an essay and ask if I want it folded and whether their name should be in the upper right hand corner.



. . .Students don't ask that orders make sense. They give up expecting things to make sense long before they leave grammar school. Things are true because the teacher says they're true. At a very early age we all learn to accept "two truths," as did medieval churchmen. Outside of class, things are true to your tongue, your fingers, your stomach, your heart. Inside class, things are true by reason of authority. And that's just fine because you don't care anyway. Miss Widemeyer tells you a noun is a person, place or thing. So let it be. . . .The important thing is to please her. Back in kindergarten, you found out that teachers only love children who stand in straight lines. And that's where it's been at ever since.

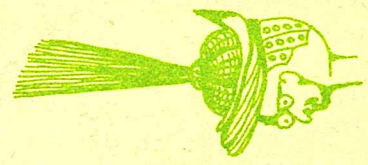
. . .Then there's the infamous code of dress. In some high schools, if your skirt looks too short, you have to kneel before the principal, in a brief allegory of fellatio. If the hem doesn't reach the floor you go home to change while he presumably masturbates. Boys in high school can't be too sloppy and they can't even be too sharp. You'd think the school board would be delighted to see spades trooping to school in pointy shoes, suits, ties and stingy brims. Uh-uh. They're too' visible.

What the school amounts to then, for white and black kids alike, is a 12 year course in how to be slaves. What else could explain what I see in a freshman class? They've got that slave mentality: obliging and ingratiating on the surface but hostile and resistent underneath.

As do black slaves, students vary in their awareness of what's going on. Some recognize their own put-on for what it is and even let their rebellion break through to the surface now and then. Others, including most of the "good students," have been more deeply brainwashed. They swallow the yakdung with greedy mouths. They honest-to-God-believe in grades, in busy work, in General Education requirements. They're pathetically eager to be pushed around. They are like those old grey-headed house niggers you can still find in the South who don't see what all the fuss is about because Mr. Charlie "treats us real good."

College entrance requirements tend to favor the Toms and screen out the rebels. Not entirely, of course, Some students at Cal State L. A. are expert con artists who know perfectly well what's happening. They want the degree or the 2-S and spend their years on the old plantation alternately laughing and cursing as they play the game. . . .And, of course, even the Toms are angry down deep somewhere. But it comes out in passive rather than active aggression. They're unexplainably thick-witted and subject to frequent spells of laziness. They misread simple questions. They spend their nights mechanically outlining history chapters while meticulously failing to comprehend a word of what's in front of them.

The saddest cases among both black slaves and student slaves are the ones who have so thoroughly introjected their master's values that their anger is all turned inward. At Cal State these are the kids

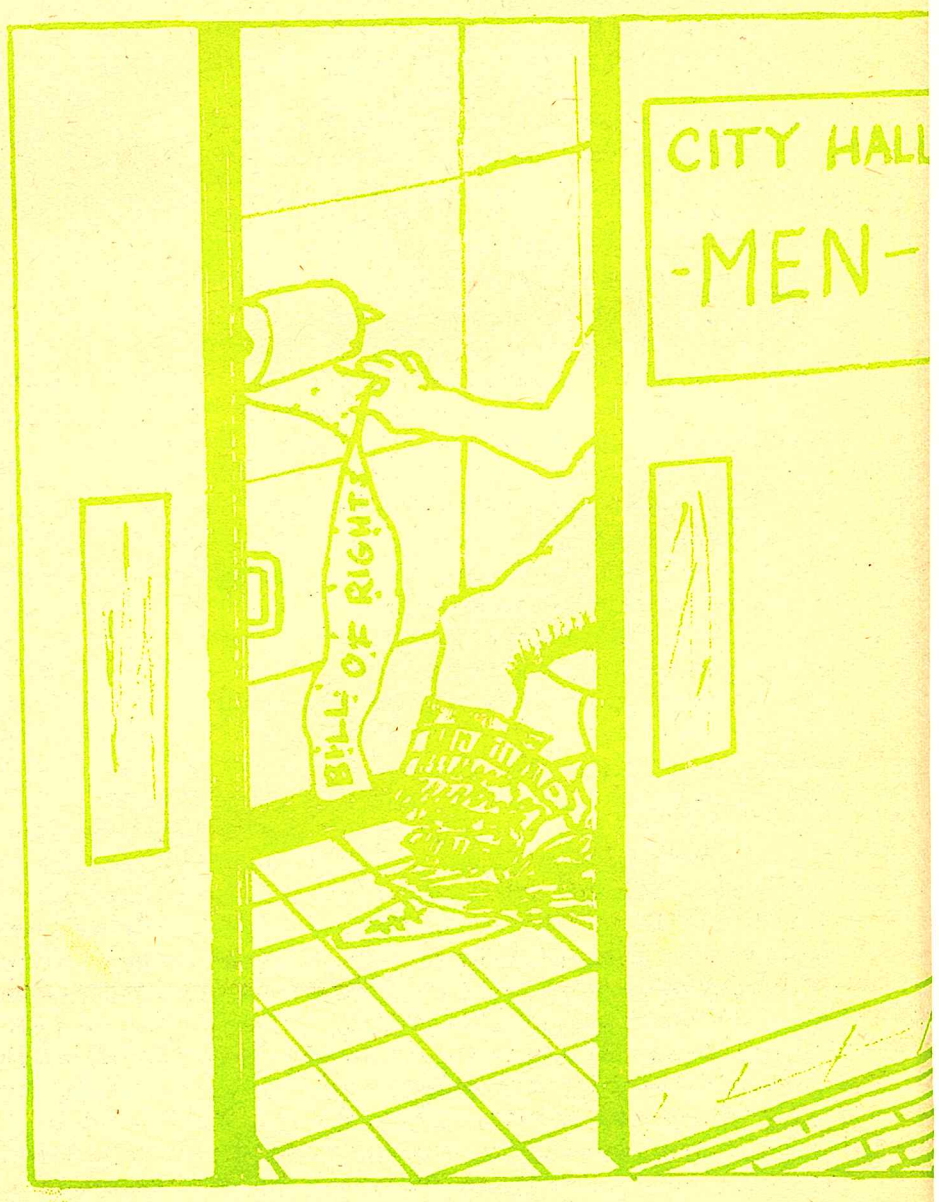


for whom every low grade is torture, who stammer and shake when they speak to a professor, who go through an emotional crisis every time they're called upon during class. You can recognize them easily at finals time. Their faces are festooned with fresh pimples; their bowels boil audibly across the room. If there really is a Last Judgement then the parents and teachers who created these wrecks are going to burn in hell.

So students are niggers. It's time to find out why, and to do this, we have to take a long look at Mr. Charlie.

The teachers I know best are college professors. Outside the classroom and taken as a group, their most striking characteristic is timidity.

. . .Look at their working conditions. At a time when even migrant workers



have begun to fight and win, college professors are still afraid to make more than a token effort to improve their pitiful economic status. In California state colleges the faculties are screwed regularly and vigorously by the Governor and Legislature and yet they still won't offer any solid resistance. They lie flat on their stomachs with their pants down, mumbling catch phrases like "professional dignity" and "meaningful dialogue."

Professors were no different when I was an undergraduate at UCLA during the McCarthy era; it was like a cattle stampede as they rushed to cop out. And in more recent years, I found that my being arrested in sit-ins brought from my colleagues not so much approval or condemnation as open-mouthed astonishment. "You could lose your job!"

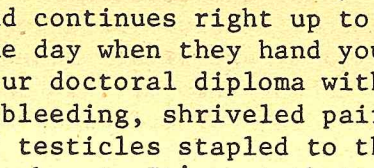
. . .I'm not sure why teachers are so chicken. It could be that academic training itself forces a split between thought and action. It might also be that the tenured security

of a teaching job attracts timid persons and, furthermore, that teaching like police work pulls in persons who are unsure of themselves and need weapons and other external trappings of authority.

. . .As Judy Eisenstein has eloquently pointed out the classroom offers an artificial and protected environment in which they can exercise their will to power. . . .The grade is a hell of a weapon. It may not rest on your hip, potent and rigid like a cop's gun, but in the long run it's more powerful. At your personal whim, any time you choose, you can keep 35 students up for nights and have the pleasure of seeing them walk into the classroom pasty-faced and red-eyed carrying a sheaf of typewritten pages, with title page, MLA footnotes and margins set at 15 and 91.

The general timidity which causes teachers to make niggers of their students usually includes a more specific fear--fear of the students themselves. . . .What can then protect you from their possible ridicule and scorn? Respect for Authority. . . .So you flaunt that authority. You wither whisperers with a murderous glance. You crush objectors with erudition and heavy irony. And, worst of all, you make your own attainments seem not accessible but awesomely remote. You conceal your massive ignorance--and parade a slender learning.

The teacher's fear is mixed with an understandable need to be admired and feel superior, a need which also makes him cling to his "white supremacy." Ideally, the teacher should minimize the distance between himself and his students. He should encourage them not to need him--eventually or even immediately. But this is rarely the case. Teachers make themselves high priests of arcane mysteries. They become masters of mumbo-jumbo. Even a more or less conscientious teacher may be torn between the desire to give and the desire to hold the students in bondage to him.



. . .Finally, there's the darkest reason of all for the master-slave approach to education. The less trained and the less socialized a person is, the more he constitutes a sexual threat and the more he will be subjugated by institutions, such as penitentiaries and schools. Many of us are aware by now of the sexual neurosis which makes white man so fearful of integrated schools and neighborhoods, and which makes the castration of the Negroes a deeply entrenched Southern folkway. We should recognize a similar pattern in education. There is a kind of castration that goes on in schools. It begins, before school years, with parents' first encroachments on their children's free unashamed sexuality and continues right up to the day when they hand you your doctoral diploma with a bleeding, shriveled pair of testicles stapled to the parchment. It's not that sexuality has no place in the classroom. You'll find it there but only in certain perverted and vitiated forms.

So you can add sexual repression to the list of of causes, along with vanity, fear and will to power, that turn the teacher into Mr. Charlie.

. . .How does sex show up in school? First of all, there's the sado-masochistic relationship between tachers and students. That is plenty sexual, although the price of enjoying it is to be unaware of what's happening. In walks the student in his Ivy League equivalent of a motorcycle jacket. In walks the teacher--a kind of intellectual rough trade--and flogs his students with grades, tests, sarcasm and snotty superiority until their very brains are bleeding. In Swinburne's England, the whipped school boy frequently grew up to be a flaggelant. With us the perversion is intellectual but it's not less perverse.

Sex also shows up in the classroom as academic subject matter--sanitized and abstracted, thoroughly divorced from feeling. You get "sex education" now in both high school and college classes: everyone determined not to be embarrassed, to be very up to date, very contempo.

. . .And then, of course, there's still another depressing manifestation of sex in the classroom: the "off-color" teacher, who keeps his class awake with sniggering sexual allusions, obscene titters and academic innuendo. The sexuality he purveys, it must be admitted, is at least better than none at all.

. . .Educational oppression is trickier to fight than racial oppression. If you're a black rebel, they can't exile you; they either have to intimidate you or kill you. But in high school or college, they can just bounce you out of the fold. And they do. Rebel students and renegade faculty members get smothered or shot down with devastating accuracy. In high school, it's usually the student who gets it; in college it's more often the teacher. Others get tired of the fighting and voluntarily leave the system. Dropping out of college, for a rebel, is a little like going North for a Negro. You can't really get away from it so you might as well stay and raise hell.

How do you raise hell? . . .What have black people done? They have, first of all, faced the fact of their slavery. They've stopped kidding themselves about an eventual reward in that Great Watermelon Patch in the sky. They've organized; they've decided to get freedom now, and they've started taking it.

Students, like black people, have immense unused power. They could, theoretically, insist on participating in their education. They could make academic freedom bilateral. They could teach their teachers to thrive on love and admiration, rather than fear and respect, and to lay down their weapons. Students could discover community. And they could learn to dance by dancing on the IBM cards. They could make coloring books out of the catalogs and put the grading system in a museum. They could raze one set of walls and let life come blowing into the classroom. . . .They could raze another set of walls and let education flow out and flood the streets. They could turn the classroom into where it's at-- a "field of action," as Peter Marin describes it. And, they could study eagerly and learn prodigiously for the best of all possible reasons--their own reasons.

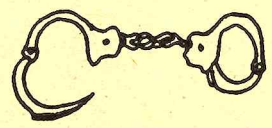
by Jerry Farber
(L.A. Free Press)

# FADING greenfield

Greenfield, Massachusetts, is a small town in the Connecticut Valley which few people visit anymore. That is not to say no one lives there, or that nothing happens which might not be termed "interesting." But few new things come to the town. Change, which is abrupt, or innovation, which is planned, are outside the capacity of the people who live there and run the chintzy businesses or play feudal political games in the democratic clubhouse. In spite of the enormous billboard defiling the landscape alongside Route 91 which invites you to the friendly town, no one is really wanted. Change is not wanted. The grubby milltown of polluted rivers, uneducated and quasi-verbal cops and politicians have staked off a parochial preserve.The town is quiet, the atmosphere is drab. The people on the streets appear unprosperous. Most people seen are middle-aged or old. Inevitably one comes across young people, because there is a Community College in the town, and because even the broken people of provincia accept the procreative improbability of heterosexual relationships. The townspeople get married.

But the children they bear are very much unlike themselves. They are at present the reality of change in the town. Like strangers, intelligent ideas and non-masochistic-sadistic media, the towns' children are disliked. They are particularly disliked if they have taken up the trappings of non-materialistic America: long hair, drugs, mini-skirts and articulated discontent. There is a pogrom going on in the town against children. Deliberate, conscious harassment of young people is the policy of the police, the "educators," and the town fathers. We heard that since September 40 young people had fled to the Village or Haight. We heard about the police pleasantness in detail, and came up to talk to some people at a Hootenanny at the Unitarian Church on a Sunday a few weeks ago, and left a few hundred papers. 100 went to a friend who attends Greenfield Community College. The President of the College, Dr. Turner, gave the student permission to sell the newspapers in the school. This act will enable students there to write, to submit art work, and enter with us into our own educational program for what will appear perhaps to the deaconry as an abrupt change in the social power structure.

Another 100 papers were given to a high school student from Montague Center. The following Tuesday he and some friends were stopped by the police while they were selling the newspapers on the sidewalks of the small downtown Greenfield business section. The people were not arrested: no statute was mentioned: no law was supposedly broken. The patriarchal chief of police was beside himself to find legal justification for his actions. The gentlemanly man made a gentlemanly agreement with our people that they would await Thursday next before they sold again. By that time, pater Murphy would have consulted with his then hospitalized town attorney. The decision would, of course, be thoroughly legal; merely a matter of protecting the townspeople's interest which would be pronounced given the contents and language of the newspaper.



The day before, Monday, a tape was played over WHAI. A transcribed interview with this writer was aired. The wailing and gnashing of the plump and the reverent was heard in the alleys and editorial columns of the city. Woe had befallen the sanctuary of swill--it being a town which pollutes rivers and would, if it could, pollute minds. They were quite upset, it seems. Flags were lowered; children were hurried into the houses. Businesses closed abruptly. People sat in hushed circles about their wireless radios awaiting the weighty pronouncements from the council of elders, words and actions of exorcism to get the evil spirits out of the sacred burial grounds.

Word came. In fact, words from the oracle were spilling while I and a cohort were sitting in the office of a very duplistic police officer. It was Thursday. I'd come up to the town with friends to take the place of the people who were stopped by the cops. The hawkers were told to return for a meeting on that day, to be told what was their fate. I decided that the police should deal with me rather than with them.

Actually, two attempts were made to visit the salamander's den. On our first trip in, after being seated, the disenhaired pleasant man asked us for our names, addresses,occupations, political affiliations,religious intimations,sexual preferences, why I wore a beard,and why my friends nose was smaller than an official paperweight. We told him that he had no need for our patronymics. He opened the door, and suggested that we leave which we did. Outside, abreast the bronze sculpture which portrays armaments being forged into ploughshares, we reconsidered, returned,gave the man our identification cards, and having conceded thusly to the wisdom of the system got the cop to say what it was that we wished to hear.

We told the man we had come to "his" town to sell newspapers. If we needed a permit of any sort,could he advise us of the procedures to get one. Then he spoke,that is, with shining mellifluous voice he lied. It seems the Chief was out of town and without him the processes stopped. But the chief would be back that evening and then we would have a decision about whether we would be allowed to apply for permits.

At that moment, elsewhere in his city, the council of elders had assembled to determine whether their cemetary would be desecrated by our presence. The lieutenant, the virtue and honesty dispenser, knew that at that moment--Thursday afternoon, 3:30 p.m., December 21--the selectmen were meeting. According to their decision he would respond to us. We had come too early. The cop lied, put us off. We left.

That day, the council decided that we were obscene. The newspaper is obscene, not an issue or issues, the whole idea of the newspaper is obscene. Therefore we cannot, they say, purloin in their winter solstical vortex of waste. We are banned. It is rather an honor, having in the past only been banned from various young women's homes. I now with my cohorts are banned physically and through

continued on page 9

~ Second-Hand Books
Old Book Store
32 Masonic Street
Northampton, Mass
Mon-Sat 10-5

# THE END OF THE WAR!

WE DEPEND FOR OUR VERIFICATION OF REALITY ON THE UNDERSTANDING IN ANOTHERS EYES. IF ANOTHER HAS EYES THAT SEE ONLY WHAT IS—THEN OUR REALITY IS LIMITED. IF ANOTHER HAS EYES THAT SEE BEYOND THE ACTUAL AND INTO THE POSSIBLE—THEN ~~BEBE~~ HOPE AND FAITH AND LOVE.

You are most cordially invited to attend the "First International Love-In" in Saigon this summer.

ORGANIZATION:
THE WEST COAST TRIBES SHOULD CONCENTRATE ON TRANSPORTATION, PROBABLY CHARTERING AIRPLANES AT A COST OF NO MORE THAN $50 PER PASSENGER. THE MID WEST SHOULD HANDLE LODGING FOR PEOPLE IN TRANSIT AND TRANSPORTATION TO THE WEST COAST. THE EAST SHOULD WORRY ABOUT COMMUNICATION.

# faux-pas at Faux-Pas

Dave Bourbeau was arrested for loitering the first night he opened his leather and craft shop, Faux Pas, on Green Street.

Seventy-five people had accepted his invitation to attend the opening, and all the neighbors were aware of the event. At 9:00 P.M. three police cars drew up to the store while Dave was standing on the sidewalk, enjoying the night air. After a few comments, the police told the craftsman that he would be arrested for loitering if he did not go back inside his store.

Almost in disbelief, Dave replied, "Let's go, then. I'm your child."

With this arrest Dave Bourbeau and Faux-Pas entered an 18 month period during which the Northampton police, defending all that is good, wholesome and politically successful, harassed Bourbeau's evil forces, viz. the creative and intelligent people working in his shop.

Mayor Wallace J. Puchalski told Dave at one point, "you miserable son of a bitch, I'm going to close you up."

Faux-Pas attracts a potpourri of human types, many of whom sport colorful clothing and unconventional hair styles. There are powerful people in Northampton who think of these people and drugs as synonymous. It is not surprising, therefore, that hardly a week passes without rumors of an impending drug bust in Bourbeau's store.

The Northampton School for Girls and the Mary Burnham School have declared Faux-Pas "off-limits" to students, after being informed by the police that the shop and owner were under police surveillance. Dave was later informed by the police that they had a dossier on him--which they refused to let him see.

He received parking tickets making deliveries to the store late at night. (He was told by the daytime cops that he could park half on the sidewalk, half on the street to unload his car. At night the cop said "When I am on duty what I say goes," and gave him a ticket.)

Two weeks ago Police Chief Bernier visited Faux-Pas with two fire inspectors to check the wiring in the store. While there, Bernier started questioning two of Bourbeau's workers about their personal affairs. After being informed that inspecting for fire hazards did not include the right to interrogate employees, the trio left. One of them purchased a copy of the the Mother of Voices on the way out.

A few days later Bourbeau was arrested for "distributing obscene material," that is, the Mother. After



a wait of two and one half hours in jail, bail was set at $1000. With the assistance of three friends, the money was raised and he was released.

That evening Bourbeau and two friends stopped at the Satire Cafe for a few beers. Mayor Puchalski was sitting at the bar. Bourbeau invited the mayor to his table, hoping to end a situation which was growing intolerable. The mayor, excusing himself for being a bit tipsy, sat down with them.

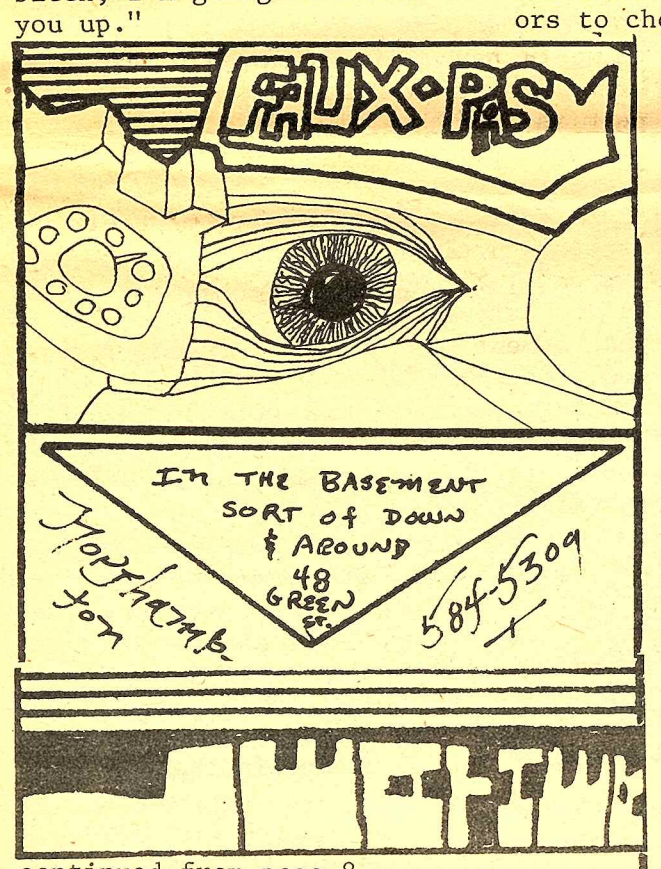
Dave told Mayor Puchalski of a problem in communications in Northampton. Puchalski replied, "What do you mean?" The mayor then looked menacingly at Bourbeau and said, "I recognize you, you son-of-a-bitch." (He repeated the epithet at least ten times that evening, also attaching the word "miserable" as a prefix frequently.)Puchalski soon told Bourbeau "I have strong suspicion, or more than that, that you're involved in narcotics, and I'm gonna close you up."

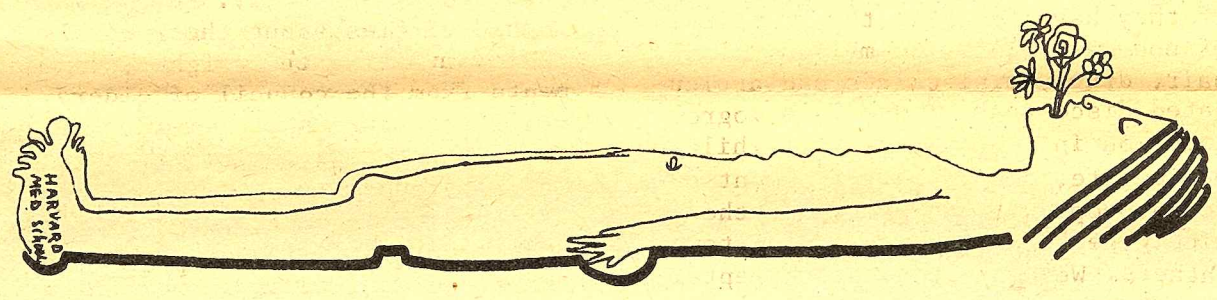
During the conversation a few kids asked to speak to the mayor. He told them, "get the hell out, I'm having a private conversation." The kids persisted and Puchalski had a policeman remove them. He asked Dave whether this was all right, and was told, "Of course, you're the mayor."

Puchalski wanted to know why Bourbeau sold "that goddam paper to kids." In reference to the Mother, the mayor stated "I never used four letter words in school.

Dave Bourbeau's case is not uncommon these days. It is tragic for he asks only to live in peace. As he put it, "I don't want to be any one's enemy. I wish only to be allowed to make beautiful things and live in a free and honest community."

Ptirim Murphy

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pulp, symbolically, from the city of non-change. However, we shall see them in court: and they shall see us on their streets. So, too, for the cop in Turners Falls who banned us and stated that he must protect the taxpayers from commies and sex perverts and economic competition.

We shall go back. Like elsewhere in America, society is static for the dead and the dying. And Greenfield is not essentially dead, if one seeks its life where policemen and business people and absurdly educated teachers and anachronistic politicians cannot be found. Even parents are not found where Greenfield's life is quick: where the young people are. And they are with us because, quite simply, we are with them.

Perhaps, we will be the beginning of a new tourist trade: we do have many friends who would like to help the young people who already live there.

Bart Kaplan

continued from page 3

A 'Good Girl' Tells All."
"Are Good Girls Bad in Bed?" and "Raw Love Making Techniques." All of these magazines provide a full set of photographs as well as numerous cartoons dealing with homosexuality, sadism, masochism, sodomy, and incest: a selection to be admired.

Standard newspapers are, of course available. But, as with magazines, Wally's Spa provides some of the most interesting material available. The National Enquirer is there providing some beautiful close-ups of mutilated bodies. Too, The National Tattler can be purchased and has such informative articles as "Picasso Happy About His Bastard Fetus of Intellectual Syphillis" and "Pure Hollywood Perversions. The Tattler provides an article for those interested in phenomenology entitled "Girl gets 'Pregnant' from Watching TV," and those concerned with the spicier side of life can read "One Night with a Negro Actress."

Wally's Spa is beyond the greatest hopes of those of us who love and admire the female anatomy. Large breasts, shining buttocks, round tummies can be seen and purchased from a host of inexpensive publications. One of these, Girlie Fun, provided "Lusty Action Poses" and "Busty Pin-Ups" while Bold has such stories as

Enough! Only a minimum of the enormous quantity of provocative material has been mentioned. Go and look and buy for yourselves. There is one point, however, still left to be made. Taken by surprise and overwhelmed with joy I determinedly requested the name of the owner of Wally's Spa. I was informed that it is owned by *Mr. Wallace J. Puchalski, Mayor of Northampton*. Now, that should not be brushed off lightly. It is a rare occurrence in our America for Anyone, and especially a man in public service, to challenge the community ethic of Puritanism by openly selling newspapers, books, and magazines which would be condemned as obscene, pornographic, degenerate, abusive, and disgusting. The intriguing question is WHY? Why would MAYOR PUCHALSKI risk reputation and respect by making available this material? Certainly profit is not the motive, for his courage has led to his store being declared off limits by the Northampton School for Girls. Although no one knows for sure, this writer can only conclude that dedication to basic principles must be the motivation. A determination to preserve the basic values of the American democracy: the values of freedom of expression, freedom of speech, freedom from persecution, and the right to be free in one's pursuits are the Mayor's incentives. Although the average man might conclude that Puchalski is little more than a dirty man catering to dirty and vile tastes and a disgrace to all that is beautiful, sensitive, and tasteful, a true American must conclude that even if all this is true the Mayor is deserving of hearty praise and warm congratulations.

Rek Arkcum

# MIND GARDENS

Two weeks ago the Mother received an invitation to visit the Mind Gardens, a light show in Wilminton, Vt. We had heard that the show was original, well-done, and stimulating;but we also knew that Keene Hahn's band, The Magic Theatre, was playing there. This was an irresistable combination for those of us who have heard Hahn before.

We arrived in Wilmington at about 10 P.M.- it was snowing, the streets were glazed with typical-New-England-style white diamonds, and, as it should be in a small Vermont town at night, there was no noise or movement

The Mind Gardens is located in a cellar; you have to go down a narrow corridor to a staircase, which leads you to the big room. From the whiteness outside, to the dark of the corridor, to the brilliant day-glo flowers completely encompassing the stairs and stairwell, to the coffee-house atmosphere of the cellar, one wanders in preparation for the show- a study in contrasts to give the mind some feeble idea what is going to take place.

Around a small stage are rows of seats, behind them some tables, and in the rear of the cellar a food and soda bar. At right angle to the bar is a huge projecting box-like structure about six feet long. This mild light machine produces waves and patterns of color that very slowly change and flow, somewhat like the small waves at low tide, in technicolor. Vivid!

We had talked to Len and Larry, the owners of the Garden, about the construction of this machine. "It's not much, really," said Larry. "Wait until the show starts." Then, as we were discussing the Mind Gardens ad in our last issue, the two started to tell us about the mechanics of the Big Machine. He showed us the keyboard he used to "play the lights" with the band during the show. Larry used over two hundred separate circuits and countless colored light bulbs, strobe-like lights, flash-type lights, and innumerable different combinations of bulbs behind the long translucent wall beside the stage where the Big Machine is housed.

We sat down in the front row, Keene Hahn, the organist, came on and introduced the band, the music started. FLASH! The lightenings started, the thunder boomed, the gravel voice of Hahn went through our tympanums and down to our livers. They wanted us to become part of the thing, to enmesh ourselves into it. We didn't have to force the unity. The colors bleed, coagulate, jump and fade, the Purple Haze improvisation tickles your tongue, the flashes explode, we wonder how we are going to do anything after this show. (We knew, however, that Keene had been singing Bo Diddley when Bo was king-- if his roots were on the ground, then we really had no reason to worry.

The show is new--it's not the Boston Tea Party or the Fillmore. It's small, almost too small, there is little room for dancing, and the chairs are hard. But something like this is obviously made for a limited number of people. Either that or a light machine the size of Rockefeller Center.

The type of music the Magic Theatre is into ranges from "Summer in the City" to Jimi Hendrix stuff to Soul to Chicago Blues. We may not know much about music, but we know what we like, eh? The Magic Theatre is negotiating recording contracts now, with their first record due out in the near future. Mother predicts that in a few years they'll be one of the top groups , if not for their original songs, at least for their fantastic improvisations and riffs between verses of well-established hits. Watch for them.

We arranged for an interview with Len and Larry, and the Band (which appears below)--though Keene became the spokesman for all of them. They did not discuss,however, some pertinent information- i.e.details of local harrassment. For example, the town requires them to hire two policemen when dancing is to be allowed, while a nearby ski lodge, housing many times the number of people and much more liquor (BYOB at the Gardens) need hire only one cop. And there is more.

But the Mind Gardens is not easily disuaded, for eventually the owners want to build machines capable of touring, to bring the show and the band to cities and towns all over the country. This small spot gives them the chance to build, improve,create and prepare for the road show. The goal is to turn the world on to the beauty and peace (yes!) of mixed media spectacular-- the high without drugs.

Angie

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Q. What is the purpose of the interplay between the lights and the band?

K.H. The whole point of this art form is centered around drugs. Drugs do things to your head: Put your head in a very nice place. They take you out of your enviroment and change it, by changing the way you react to it. The ultimate goal of this art form is to have people coming in off the street, who are completely straight, have never taken drugs of any kind, and be able to produce something through sound and light, something that is going to hit them so forcefully that they're going to get "stoned". In other words, take the "acid trip" without taking the "acid" -- and that is the ultimate goal of this thing.

Q. How does the combination of sound and light recreate, in the audience, the feeling of being "high"?

K.H. The six minds [five members of the band and the person playthe lights] are working together. We try to build strong enough communication among ourselves through light and music so that we can project our communications system to encompass the minds of the people listening.

The emotions, reasons, and feelings, what is happening with us becomes what is happening with them.

Q. How are the lights coordinated to aid this communication?

K.H. By Lenny's playing the lights, it becomes a sixth instrument, and he works the lights into the arrangement that the band is using.

Q. While watching the show, I noticed the lights formed definite geometric patterns and rhythmic structures.

K.H. The design of the light show is such that it turns into a very geometric and percussive structure. This is balanced by other non-geometrical effects such as strobes of a Christmas tree that changes color at random. Because of these effects being coordinated with the band the geometrics are overcome.

Q. At times the rhythmic structure of the lights defer from the band. How does this affect the band?

K.H. At times the percussive effect of the lights will determine what the band will do but at other times the communication goes from the band to the lights, and we will set a rhythmic feel, carried over and amplified.

Q. What musically is the band doing to help simulate the "trip"?

K.H. Musically to get this "trip" effect we attempt to structure our music as little as possible to create as little restraint on the predominate instrument, be it voice, guitar, or drums. It depends entirely on that person, what he is doing and we are trying to give that person as much freedom as possible, so that he can get into one thing. Music for us is our means of communicating with the audience.

Q. How does the audience react to your trying to take them on a "trip"?

K.H. So far it has been better than we could have hoped--people really getting into this thing with us, becoming part of it.

Q. I understand you are having difficulties with the town.

K.H. Unfortunately we have been having some trouble with the town, mostly in the form of police harassment. We don't go through a night without several "visits" from the local constabulary, this in spite of the fact that in six weeks of operation it has resulted in no illegal or even crass events taking place.

Ed Koslow

AND MOREOVER--

Continued from page 2

you are all of us, I am the Walrus, together we have all the power we need to face the barrage of hypocrisy. Give in, look in the mirror with your eyes open wide, face the truth, let it out; give in, give out, climb up from the pit. Rediscover your courage, listen to all the voices and not one, not just your stuttering own, or the ones the hypocrites have told you all your lives are the only and right ones. If not, if you won't do this, you will decay and stink. And that makes us sick, because we know you are part of us, we are part of you, and then--we will stink together.

Now, this fourth issue, this beginning--this political activist muckraking, this exposure to grossness of yours and many of our lives--what do you think this is all about? We don't have to write about mysticism and philosophy, poetry and dogs, sunglasses and trained seals, death and rebirth (though we do anyway). It's all in the politics of today. Everything--*everything*--is political. Marriage, the consumation of love--make the wrong choice and it's political. Man: you are inundated in a sea of irrelevant political scheming; we want you to get rid of that blockage, and to bring you joy

Finally, we want you to love us because you should love everyone. You can't do that until you realize that you are everyone and everything. Right now you can't even love yourself because you know you are unworthy of that love, you too are hypocrites and liars. We'll destroy dishonesty, let you love yourselves, love everyone else--and us too. *Then* we'll let you live in peace. But we won't quit, not until that point, not until you are no longer afraid to see.

No more deodorant. No more perfume. Just truth.

Maybe then we too can live in peace.

---Augie

# Enchanted Mesa

*The panhandle and Oklahoma were barren--grain elevators and oil wells alone breaking the blankness--but with Arizona things change. It was hotter, for one thing. But there were also subtle changes in the plants--they seemed possessed with an animal life--an animal life that was anything but friendly. Waiting, perhaps. The wind too, seemed crouched, ready to jump if only the strings restraining it were cut.*

*You reach the Enchanted Mesa by turning left off the main paved road. Sorry looking chickens and several scrawny goats, mud and adobe huts, rocks and sand bone-dry, and a drying heat accompany you on the way. The silence is noisy--really noisy--with crackling, echoes of whispers, heart beats, and the intermittent noise of eye-lids opening and closing. In the distance, columns a thousand feet across rise out of the ground and stop short, flat at the top. There is no noise now except the heart beat: and no movement, no people, no animals. The ground is fissured, deep cracks sink into the ground thirstily: there is quiet, but no peace.*

*The Indians revealed nothing by their faces. No, not* nothing· *they too seemed waiting, but for what you wouldn't ask.*

*A man on a horse, no saddle, came through the heat, nodded and passed. Dust rose behind him. It rose, waited and slowly sifted back down.*

*An occasional snake sludged through the sand. That was all.*

--Jonathan Roses

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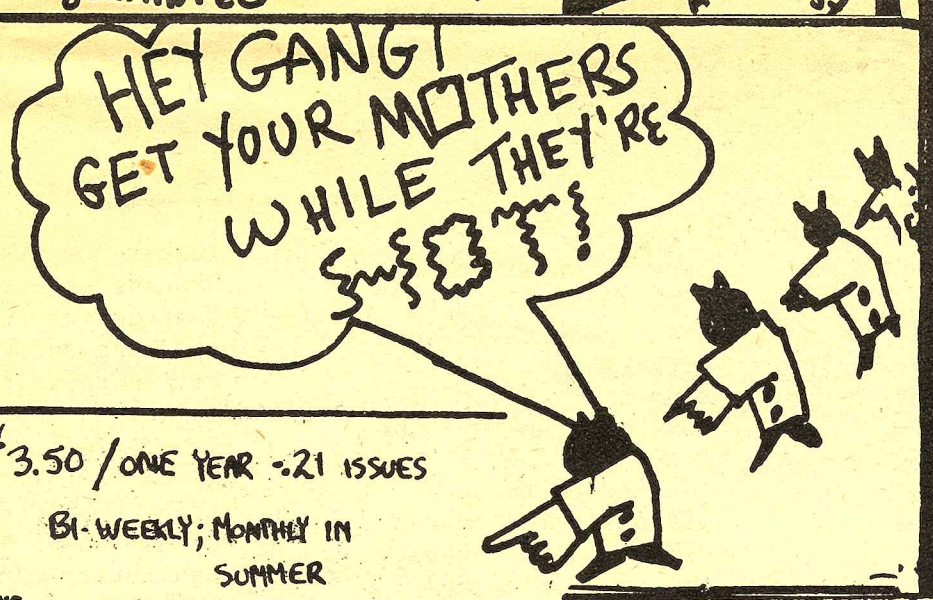


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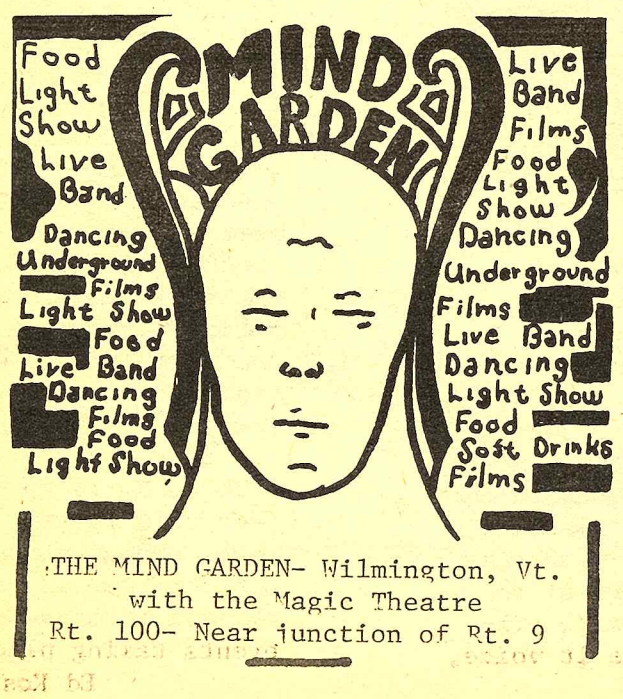


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